



## Not your town



226 4 9

### Chapter 1 by Isaiah Ellis

Everyone in Collinsville knew that Bucky Jones was bad news, but no one was willing to do anything about it. No one but me, that is. That rattlesnake of a man had taken advantage of my friends for the last time.

I stood in the middle of Main Street, squinting under the high-noon sun. I could feel the eyes of the townspeople watching me from behind their locked doors and closed windows. My eyes were on the horizon, watching for the dust cloud that would announce the arrival of public enemy number one.

### Chapter 2 by Zachary Hall



It felt I had been waiting there for hours. The sun beat down on my brow and sweat slowly trickled down my face. I pulled a flask from my boot and took a swig of the amber liquid. It burned more than the heat radiating off of my skin, but the pain woke me up from the desert haze.

I finally saw him emerge on the horizon—a black speck appeared amidst the dust clouds rolling across the parched ground. I fingered the silver pistol at my side in an anxious sort of way. This was it. I felt the blood rush through my veins, my hands were shaking, and I was hovering anxiously over his holster. There would be no verbal ques; only the crack of a bullet would signal the end.

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### Chapter 3 by Rix Quill



Was I seeing straight? Was that who stood in front of me really Bucky Jones? THE Bucky Jones: killer, thief, rattlesnake and Monopoly cheat? I wasn't sure. That large swig of 90% whisky had quickly taken its toll.

"Are you Fucky Jones - serial killer, sheriff killer and child molester?" I shouted down the dusty high street that came from nowhere and went nowhere.

Jones' first shot just scraped my left shoe. "You makin' fun of me boy?" the stranger asked before firing a second shot that went straight through my stetson.

I began to regret volunteering to drive Jones out of Collinsville - or end up killing him. "Listen Sucky, Fucky, Cocky ... whatever they call you. You're just a piece of no good dog's doo-dah and I'm telling you to get out of my town right away."

Jones had continued walking towards me as I spoke and now I clearly saw the scar on his face for which he was universally recognisable. "My, you're an ugly son of a bitch, Jones," I told him (and regretted every word).

### Chapter 4 by Sci-Fi Pie



I was sweating. Not only from the heat but mainly from looking at this terrifying man. But if no one else was willing to do it, I guess it had to be me. I waited long enough to take my shot. I was hoping for something to distract him, but luck just wasn't on my side.

"This is the end, Jones!" I said.

"Yeah. The end for you." As he said this, the man fired yet another shot. Hit my shoulder. It was the worst pain I ever felt in my life. I grunted, covering the wound with my left arm. Several gasps came from the people watching our showdown. But this wasn't going to end with me being the only one to shed some blood. I pulled out my gun and fired my shot. I saw it all going

extremely slowly. The bullet went through the air and hit Bucky Jones straight in the chest. Cheers of joy came from everybody.

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duel in the first place. But that **coward** dressed my friend in his clothes and somehow forced him to partake in the duel!

I just killed my friend.

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